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THE OBSERVATOR.

Every Body Mad in Parties. A Libel on the Lords. Remarks on Dr. Talbor's *Quack Bill The Education of a Quack. Remarks on the Siege of* Verue, *and on the preſent condition of the* Cevennois.

From Saturday March the 10th, to Wednesday March the 14th, 1705.

Obſ. ANY News, Honeſt *Country-man?* The Spring always produces ſomething material.

Country-m. And this Spring the moſt of any. The People are as Mad at *London* in *March*, as the Hares are ſaid to be in that Month: I wonder what they'll be at *Midſummer*, if the Maggots begin to crawl already.

Obſ. Prithee what do'ſt mean?

Country-m. Why, Maſter, I am Mad, and you are Mad, as well as the reſt of the Folk; I am Mad in neglecting my own Buſineſs to look after yours; and you are Mad to mind the Publick when no Body Thanks you for it, and when you are Deſerted by the very Party you ſerve.

Obſ. Thou art Mad indeed. I never ſerv'd any Party in my Life. I hate the very Name and Notion of a Party; for *Faction*, *Sedition*, and every thing that is Deſtructive of the Publick Peace and Tranquility, is contain'd in a Party: I am ſure we ought to have but one Party in *England*, and that is the *Engliſh Party*, ſuch as have no Conſiderations of Private Intereſt, in relation to Publick Affairs; ſuch as Love their Country beyond all the Good things of this Life, and ſerve this Queen and Government (not as the Multitude follow'd our Saviour for the ſake of the Loaves and Fiſhes) but becauſe Her Majeſty is a *Legal* Queen; becauſe Her Government is Founded on *Righteouſneſs*, and that She Reigns more for the *Good of Her People*, than for Her own Honour and Eaſe. I ſtand always on the ſide of *Truth*, and I love all that ſtand with me; and ſuch as Deſert and Fly from their Colours, I pity them as the ſort of People you ſpeak of, and Pray heartily that they may return to their Senſes, and the Intereſt of their Country.

Country-m. Maſter, here's the Libel on the Lords Addreſs. The Author of it, *is ſomewhat Surprized to ſee their Addreſs to the Queen Printed by Their Authority. I can't tell*, ſays he, *what to make of it, it looks ſo much like the* Obſervators *Appealing to the People, deſigning to Expoſe the Miſcarriages in Government on one ſide, and let the greateſt Embezelments on the other go Free.*

Obſ. I muſt needs ſay this Author has done me abundance of Honour, in making me a like Criminal with the Greateſt Men, and the Beſt Patriots that ever Liv'd; tho' I don't Thank him for the Injuſtice done their Lordſhips and my ſelf. 'Tis true (as I was not long ſince told in Court) I am but an Inconſiderable Perſon, yet if I Act in my low Sphere for the Good of my Country, I am ſo far an Honeſt Man; but ſurely our Noble Defenders of *Engliſh Liberty*, without whoſe Aſſiſtance the very *Axis* of our Conſtitution would have been Broken, and the Clouds of *Diſcord* and *Contention* would have overſpread our Country; ſurely, I ſay, theſe Noble and Generous Perſonages ought not to be Repreſented after ſo Malicious and Scandalous a manner.

But how long has Printing an Addreſs been eſteem'd an Appealing to the People? It has been the Uſage and Cuſtom of Parliament time out of mind, and the Uſage and Cuſtom of Parliament, is the Law of Parliament. But if I yield, and throw up this Point, and own that 'tis an Appeal to the People, where is the Crime in their Lordſhips? Does not the Houſe of Commons Print their *Votes* and *Addreſſes* for the Peoples Satisfaction? Nay, did not a ſingle Member of the Houſe of Commons, the laſt Seſſion of Parliament, Appeal to the People concerning the *Occaſional-Conformity Bill*, without any Cenſure? And ſhall it be eſteemed a Crime in the Lords to Print their Addreſs to the Queen, by the General Suffrage of that *Auguſt* Aſſembly? Surely no.

Ever ſince Her Majeſties Happy Acceſſion to the Throne, their Lordſhips have Examined into all Complaints of Miſmanagements that have been brought before 'em; and if theſe Miſcarriages in Government have all been on one ſide, who can help it?

But, prithee, Honeſt *Country-man*, why didſt move this now? I ſhall have a better Opportunity of Speaking to this Point, the time is not yet come; the Proceedings of the Lords have been ſo Uniform, and ſo Conſonant to our Conſtitution, that any one, who Underſtands it, may eaſily Vindicate their Lordſhips Actions.

Country-m. Did not I tell you I was Mad? I don't conſider Times nor Seaſons.

Obſ. Haſt got any thing that is Diverting? Our Diſcourſes muſt be like Thy Bacon, with a ſtreak of Fat and a ſtreak of Lean.

Country-m. I met with a Paper at *London* that is very Chomical. You know the Folk there are very free of their Written and Printed Gifts, that one can't go along the Streets without having 'em popt into ones hand. I pick'd up abundance of Pocky Bills, and having occaſion to ſtink a Buſh, as I came homewards, I got in readineſs ſome of my Papers to clean my But-End, and there I Read and Grunted, and Grunted and Read; at laſt I met with a Bill, that ſet me a Laughing to that degree, that *Colon* ſpurted like Bottle Ale, I don't think I ſhall have an occaſion for another Evacuation this Month.

Obſ. Then thou wert as Merry by thy ſelf, as the Exchange Man was in Eating of Almonds and Raiſins. Prithee what Bill was it?

Country-m. Oh! I have preſerv'd it, I would not loſe it for any thing? 'Tis Honeſt Doctor *John Talbors* of *Kelvedon* in *Eſſex*.

Obſ. What is the *Theo-Phyſical Mortal* turn'd *Quack* at laſt?

Country-m.

Country m. Yes, yes, a meer *Quack*. He's enter'd into the Noble Society of Empericks and Horſe-Doctors; and if he had but a competent Knowledge in Gipſery he would be a finiſh'd Quack.

Obſ. Thou meanſt Aſtrology.

Country-m I don't mean Aſtrology, that's a Noble Science; I mean Gipſery; for a Man muſt proceed *Gradatim*, as I think the Loſophers ſay, in the Art of Quackiſm: He muſt in his Pupillage Strole ſome Years among the Gipſies, and Learn to tell Fortunes; then he muſt ſpend ſome time with the Potecary that Married the Bull to the Cow; then he muſt get on Horſeback with Leathern-Bags before him, and Sell two-penny Packets; and then he may keep a Houſe, and Sell *Medicinal Secrets*. But Doctor *Talbor*, you know, was Educated at the Varſity, which Breeds no Conjurors, and ſo he is wanting in his Main Point of Telling Fortunes: He won't be able to tell the Maids when they ſhall be Married, nor the Married Women whether their Husbands keep Miſſes, I was going to ſay Whores; and, a-lack-a-day, the *Quacks* get moſt of their Money by theſe means. I was thinking to Remedy this, That Dr. *Talbor* ſhould become Partner with Dr. *Caſe*, Succeſſor to *Thomas Saffold*.

Obſ. They muſt get a new Sign then, that may give Notice of their Partnerſhip, for at preſent the Sign is Beautified and Adorn'd only with this Rhime.

Within this Place,
Lives Dr. Caſe.

Country-m. No, no, they need not be at the Charge of a new Sign, only Writing on the other ſide.

In Phyſick Secrets *who does Labour,*
With his Partner Dr. Talbor.

Obſ. I think thou haſt contriv'd well for the Doctor. But, prithee, has he left off Preaching? Muſt we have no more of his Scandals upon the Memory of King *William?* No more Railing at a Succeſſion of Foreiguers, nor broad Hints in favour of *Perkin?*

Country-m. You are the ſtrangeſt Man Living. You can never forgive a Perſon that ſpeaks againſt this Government, and yet you never got a Farthing by it. We have examin'd him ſometime ago in his Preaching Capacity; we are now to conſider him in his Phyſical Capacity, and ſee whether he ben't juſt ſuch another *Phyſician* as he is a *Divine*.

Obſ. Prithee what does he ſay of his *Phyſical Secrets* in his Bill?

Country-m. He ſays he Preſented them to Her Majeſty, who received them very Graciouſly, and thereby he hopes to draw all Her People into his Secret. But he calls it by a confounded cramp Name, a *Panacea*, what's the meaning of that?

Obſ. That's a Univerſal Medicine, that Cures all Diſtempers in Men, Women, Children, Horſes, Cows, Dogs, Cats, Cocks and Hens, and every Living Creature.

Country-m. O rare Dr. *Talbor*; at this Rate he'll break the whole Colledge of *Phyſitians*; they won't long be able to Rattle about Street in their Coaches, with Long Wiggs and Black Staves in their Hands, like Bearers at a Funeral: Two or three Guineas for a Fee! hang 'em, two or three Shillings ſhall ſerve their Turn, now Dr. *Talbor* is come to Town with his Budget of *Secrets*. He bids Defiance to Death, let it come Armed with Ague, Gout, Pox, Stone, or all the Artillery that uſually ſends Mortals into t'other Country: O Rare *Dr. Talbor*.

Obſ. Country-man, tho' I won't take the Doctors Word in Divinity or Government; in this Caſe I'll ſooner take his *Word* than his *Phyſick*.

Country-m. Look'ye, now, how Malice remains in you, becauſe the Doctor, in his Sermon, Squints a little towards St. *Germains* you are out of Love with his Phyſick. The Doctor Preach'd a Sermon that no Honeſt Man lik'd, and now he Publiſhes *Medicinal Secrets*, that he hopes every Body will like, he's willing to oblige you one way or other; but you are ſuch a Man, you are ſo; you fall out with *Aſſa-Fœtida* Juſtices, with Potecaries, with the Medicinal Secret Dean of *Dunſtable*, and yet, at the ſame time, you are taking Phyſick your ſelf for the Repair of your Earthly Tabernacle.

Obſ Prithee, Man, I am Angry but with the Principles of People. You know the Doctor is a *High-Flyer*, a *Pinacle-man*, one of the *Elevated Church of England, the Pure Church*, as they ſay; now Charity is a neceſſary Qualification in a true Chriſtian, and if the Doctor has got theſe Secrets, as he is a Divine, he ought to expoſe them for Gods ſake, for the Benefit of his Poor; and, I'm ſure, 'tis no great Reputation to our Church, to have one of her great Doctors Quack in *London*, for the Mammon of Unrighteouſneſs; but enough of the Doctor. Haſt any Publick News?

Country-m. The Prints ſay, that *Verue* holds out, and, That the Enemy has been obliged to remove their Artillery, and it coſts 'em a deal of trouble to bring their new Artillery on their Batteries; they employ 36 Horſes, and 24 Oxen to draw every piece of Cannon, from whence I obſerve,

1ſt, That if her Majeſty had occaſion of ſuch a Team, I did not know how to furniſh Her with it.

2dly, That the Overſeers of the Highways in that Country, have a fine time of it.

3dly, That when the Farmers have drawn the Artillery to the Batteries, 'tis ten to one but the Soldiers will eat up the Oxen, and the Dragoons will ſteal the Horſes. And

4thly, That 'tis a Hundred Thouſand to one if ever the *French* King conſiders the Loſs, ſo as to make it good.

Obſ. Very well Remark'd. Haſt any thing elſe worth Notice?

Country-m. Our good Friends, the *Cevennois*, are ſtill in being, they have only Slept out the Winter, and now in the Spring are Awaked in Armour, ready Booted and Spurred for the War; and there is a new Inſurrection in *Languedoc* in order to joyn them, ſo that the *French* Tyrant is forc'd once more to ſend Monſieur *Montrevel*, with a Potent Army into thoſe parts, in order to Suppreſs them.

Obſ. 'Twill be of as much Advantage, I hope, as before. He has once already return'd *Re Infecta*, and I hope will do ſo again. But when thou goeſt next to *London*, enquire in what readineſs the Marquis *Miremont* is with his Forces for the Aſſiſtance of theſe People. The *French* are Apprehenſive of ſomething of that Nature; to prevent which, I ſuppoſe, they intend the Seiges of *Nice* and *Villa-Francha*, believing thoſe Forces will Land in the Country of the Duke of *Savoy*; but if *Verue* holds out any conſiderable time longer, and Prince *Eugene* make a ſpeedy March into *Italy*, the *French* will hardly ſpare Men for a Seige on the Coaſt. 'Tis but a little time, and the Curtain will be drawn on the Theatre of *Mars*; we ſhall ſee how the Actors will behave themſelves; *Now or Never* is the Word; Good Actions are to be Supported by Better and Braver Actions: A true Heroe can perpetuate his Name no better way than by Accumulated Victories, by Lawrels heap'd up to a Pyramid, by ſuch great Deeds as will flow in a Circle, and meet with no *Terminus* or ſtop of Honour; much better than by the fulſom Praiſes of thoſe Sycophants that Mourn inwardly, tho' they Rejoice outwardly, at our Succeſſes; or by the Empty Couplets of Poetaſters, who can make Heroes when they want them, and can Expatiate true Merit as they pleaſe; but Solid Hiſtory muſt give the Heroe his true Turn, and Perpetuate his Memory as he deſerves of his Country.

The Reader is deſired to amend an Error of the Preſs in the laſt Obſervator, *inſtead of* 10 Gulielmus & Maria, *pag. 2. col. 2. Read* 1° Guliel. & Mariæ.

THE Author of this Paper gives Notice to the Gentleman at *Harwich* that he has receiv'd both his Letters, and has, and will make uſe of his Information for the Good of the Publick. *John Tutchin.*

Advertiſements.

IN Cox-Key Gateway, near Billingſgate, is to be Sold a parcel of Whitby Salt Codfiſh, where you may be ſupplied with any Quantity from one Couple to a Thouſand, and they being in the firſt Hand, will be Sold at a much Cheaper Rate than the Fiſhmongers can afford them. *Note*, The Sale will continue from 8 to 12 a Clock every Morning, till the whole parcel be diſpoſed of.

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